

How easie dost thou take all England vp,
From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heauen: and England now is left
To tug and scamble, and to part by th' teeth
The vn-owed interest of proud swelling State:
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Maiesty,
Doth dogged warre bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now Powers from home, and discontents at home
Meet in one line: and vast confusion waites
As doth a Rauē on a sicke-falne beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pompe.
Now happy he, whose cloake and center can
Hold out this tempest. Beare away that childe,
And follow me with speed: Ile to the King:
A thousand busineses are bricfe in hand,
And heauen it selfe doth frowne vpon the Land. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter King John and Pandolph, attendants.

K. John. Thus haue I yeelded vp into your hand
The Circle of my glory.

Pan. Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soueraigne greatnesse and authoritie.

John. Now keep your holy word, go meet the French,
And from his holinesse vse all your power
To stop their marches: for we are enflam'd:
Our discontented Countiees doe reuolt:
Our people quarrell with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the loue of soule
To stranger-bloud, to forreyn Royalty;
This inundation of mistempered humor,
Rests by you onely to be qualified.
Then pause not: for the present time's so sicke,
That present medicine must be ministred,
Or ouerthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempest vp,
Vpon your stubborne vlsage of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle conuertite,
My tongue shall hush againe this storme of warre,
And make faire weather in your blustering land:
On this Ascension day, remember well,
Vpon your oath of seruice to the Pope,
Goe I to make the French lay downe their Armes. *Exit.*

John. Is this Ascension day: did not the Prophet
Say, that before Ascension day at noone,
My Crowne I should giue off? euen so I haue:
I did suppose it should be on constraint,
But (heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Bassard.
Bass. All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath receiued
Like a kinde Host, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone
To offer seruice to your enemy:
And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe
The little number of your doubtful friends.

John. Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard yong Arthur was aliue?

Bass. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty Casket, where the Iewell of life
By some damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away.

John. That villaine Hubert told me he did liue.

Bass. So on my soule he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you sad?
Be great in act, as you haue beene in thought:
Let not the world see feare and sad distrust
Gouerne the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: So shall inferior eyes
That borrow their behauiours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntlesse spirit of resolution.

Away, and glister like the god of warre
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldnesse and aspiring confidence:
What shall they seeke the Lion in his denne,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be said: forrage, and runne
To meet displeasure farther from the dores,
And grapple with him ere he come so nye.

John. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee,
And I haue made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to dismisse the Powers
Led by the Dolphin.

Bass. Oh inglorious league:
Shall we vpon the footing of our land,
Send fayre-play-orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce
To Armes Inuasiue? Shall a bearded boy,
A cockred-silken wanton braue our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warre-like foyle,
Mocking the ayre with colours idly spred,
And finde no checke? Let vs my Liege to Armes:
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace;
Or if he doe, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

John. Haue thou the ordering of this present time.
Bass. Away then with good courage: yet I know
Our Partie may well meet a powder foe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Melborne, Pembroke, Bigot, Soldiers.

Dol. My Lord Melborne, let this be coppied out,
And keepe it safe for our remembrance:
Returne the president to these Lords againe,
That hauing our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, perusing ore these notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keepe our faithes firme and inuiolable.

Sal. Vpon our sides it neuer shall be broken.
And Noble Dolphin, albeit we sweare
A voluntary zeale, and an vn-urg'd Faith
To your proceedings: yet belecue me Prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of Time
Should seeke a plaster by contemnd reuolt,
And heale the innumerate Cankers of one wound,

By making many: Oh it grieues my soule,
That I must draw this mettle from my side
To be a widdow-maker: oh, and there
Where honourable rescue, and defence
Cries out vpon the name of Salisbury.
But such is the infection of the time,
That for the health and Physicke of our right,
We cannot deale but with the very hand
Of sterne Injustice, and confused wrong:
And is't not pittie, (oh my grieved friends)
That we, the Iohnes and children of this Isle,
Was borne to see so sad an houre as this,
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Vpon her gentle bosom, and fill vp
Her Enemies rankes? I must withdraw, and weepe
Vpon the spot of this inforced cause,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow vnacquainted colours heere:
What heere? O Nation that thou couldst remoue,
That Neptune's Armes who clippe thee about,
Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy selfe,
And cripple thee vnto a Pagan shore,
Where these two Christian Armies might combine
The bloud of malice, in a vaine of league,
And not to spend it so vn-neighbourly.

Dolph. A noble temper dost thou shew in this,
And great affections wrangling in thy bosome
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility:
Oh, what a noble combat hast fought
Between compulsion, and a braue respect:
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That siluerly doth progresse on thy cheekes:
My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares,
Being an ordinary Inundation:
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This showre, blowne vp by tempest of the soule,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Then had I seene the vaultie top of heauen
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors.
Lift vp thy brow (renowned Salisbury)
And with a great heart heave away this storme:
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes
That neuer saw the giant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other then at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping:
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deepe
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himselfe: so (Nobles) shall you all,
That knit your sinewes to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulpho.
And euen there, methinkes an Angell spake,
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
To giue vs warrant from the hand of heauen,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Haile noble Prince of France:
The next is this: King John hath reconcild
Himselfe to Rome, his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening Colours now winde vp,
And tame the sauage spirit of wilde warre,
That like a Lion fostered vp at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmefull then in shewe.

Dol. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe:

I am too high-borne to be proportioned
To be a secondary at controll,
Or vsfull seruing-man, and Instrument
To any Soueraigne State throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warres,
Betweene this chafte'd kingdome and my selfe,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out
With that same weake winde, which enkindled it:
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this Land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? what is that peace to me?
I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
After yong Arthur, claime this Land for mine,
And now it is halfe conquer'd, must I backe,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Romes slaue? What penny hath Rome borne?
What men provided? What munition sent
To vnder-prop this Action? Is't not I
That vnder-goe this charge? Who else but I,
And such as to my claime are liable,
Sweat in this businesse, and maintaine this warre?
Haue I not heard these Islanders shout out
Vive le Roy, as I haue bank'd their Townes?
Haue I not heere the best Cards for the game
To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crowne?
And shall I now giue ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my soule it neuer shall be said.

Pand. You looke but on the out-side of this worke.

Dol. Out-side or in-side, I will not returne
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world
To out-looke Conquest, and to winne renowne
Euen in the iawes of danger, and of death:
What lusty Trumpet thus doth summon vs?

Enter Bassard.
Bass. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me haue audience: I am sent to speake:
My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
I come to learne how you haue dealt for him:
And, as you answer, I doe know the scope
And warrant limited vnto my tongue.

Pand. The Dolphin is too wilfull opposite
And will not temporize with my intreaties:
He flatly saies, hee'll not lay downe his Armes.

Bass. By all the bloud that euer fury breath'd,
The youth saies well. Now heare our English King,
For thus his Royaltie doth speake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reason to he should,
This apish and vnmanly approach,
This harness'd Maske, and vnaduised Reuell,
This vn-heard sawcinesse and boyish Troupes,
The King doth smile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish warre, this Pigmy Armes
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the strength, euen at your dore,
To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,
To diue like Buckets in concealed Welles,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seeke sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake,

Euen